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FEBRUARY MEETING, 1896.

THE stated meeting was held on Thursday, the 13th instant, at three o'clock, P. M.; the President, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, LL.D., in the chair.

The record of the last meeting was read and approved; and the list of donors to the Library since the January meeting was also read. The most important gift was a valuable collection of books and pamphlets from the library of the late Hon. Richard Frothingham, for many years Treasurer of the Society, which had been selected by his son, Mr. Thomas G. Frothingham, as an addition to his previous gift from the same source. The Corresponding Secretary announced the acceptance of Mr. Francis C. Lowell as a Resident Member, and of Leslie Stephen, LL.D., as a Corresponding Member; and the President added that he had received a private letter from Mr. Stephen, dated London, January 24th, from which he would venture to read an extract, intended evidently for the Society:—

“ . . . I received a few days ago a notice of my election to be a Corresponding Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. I wrote an acknowledgment to the Secretary; but I am very glad to have the opportunity of saying to you personally that I really value this proof of kindly recognition from your members. It is over thirty years since I first saw Boston, and in many ways I have had constant cause for remembering that visit and being thankful for the friendships which I trace to it. Lowell and Norton were ever afterwards among my best friends, and I feel now that, if I could be dropped down at your Cambridge, I should feel myself more at home than in any other place outside of London, except my own Cambridge. Any proof that Cambridge and Boston people think kindly of me has, therefore, a special value. If it should be natural for you to intimate something of this to the Historical Society, I should be glad to let them know that my welcome of the honour they have conferred upon me is more than merely conventional courtesy. . . . ”

The PRESIDENT then said that he expected to be absent at the next meeting of the Society, and he would therefore

announce the committees which it would be necessary to appoint in anticipation of the Annual Meeting. He accordingly named for the —

Committee to nominate officers, — Rev. Dr. Edmund F. Slafter, and Messrs. Robert C. Winthrop, Jr., and Henry W. Haynes ;

Committee to examine the Library and Cabinet, — Messrs. James F. Rhodes, William R. Thayer, and Francis C. Lowell ;

Committee to examine the Treasurer's accounts, — Messrs. A. Lawrence Lowell and T. Jefferson Coolidge.

The PRESIDENT further said that he had received a letter from our associate Mr. Albert B. Hart, relative to printing the early papers of the Continental Congress, which he had been requested by the Council to communicate to the Society ; and on motion of Rev. Dr. EDMUND F. SLAFTER, it was

Voted, That a Committee of three be appointed, of which the President shall be one, to draw up and forward to Congress, through such channel as they shall deem expedient, a memorial asking for the publication of the Records and Papers of the Continental Congress.

The President, Rev. Dr. Slafter, and Mr. Hart were appointed members of the Committee.

The PRESIDENT announced the deaths of three Resident Members since the last meeting of the Society, and said : —

Not often in the history of the Society has it chanced that three names have been stricken from our roll of Resident membership in the interval between two monthly meetings ; but this afternoon I regret to announce the deaths of Messrs. Shurtleff, Brimmer, and Russell, as having occurred since we met here on the 9th of January. Prominent in their callings and communities, advanced in life and established in public respect, though no one of them ever especially identified himself with our Society or its purposes, yet they naturally were members of it. As respects their membership, Mr. Brimmer was oldest of the three ; chosen at the meeting of March 13, 1884, his name at the time of his death stood fifty-seventh on our list. Mr. Russell followed close upon him, having been elected eight months later, at the meeting of November 13, Lieutenant-

Governor Wolcott only intervening between them. Judge Shurtleff was made a member at the meeting of November 13, 1890, six years to a day after Mr. Russell. Their periods of membership were, therefore, twelve years each in the case of Messrs. Brimmer and Russell, and six years in the case of Judge Shurtleff. Mr. Brimmer served in 1887 on one of our committees, and in November, 1893, communicated one of the two autobiographical fragments written by Francis Parkman ; but, with this single exception, none of the three made contributions to our Proceedings. Mr. Brimmer not infrequently attended our meetings ; but Mr. Russell, as is often almost of necessity the case with busy professional men, was rarely seen here ; and Judge Shurtleff more rarely yet.

None the less they were, as I have said, all men whose election to the Society was in every way proper and desirable, as a recognition if nothing more. Judge Shurtleff I do not remember ever to have met ; and the Society, I know, cares little to listen to impressions of its dead from those who had no personal knowledge of them. Few things in the order of our Proceedings have to me been more attractive, and at times touching even, than the heart-felt tributes I have sometimes listened to in this room where classmates recounted memories of years long gone, or lifelong intimates bore witness to the qualities of old familiar friends, or younger members spoke of a deep sense of loss when another landmark disappeared. But I have never observed that mortuary eloquence of the conventional order commended itself greatly ; and, in the case of one we have never met, that is all any man can offer. Silence, then, is best.

Of Judge Shurtleff, therefore, I will say nothing more. It is otherwise with Mr. Brimmer and Mr. Russell. I had known them both for many years, and been brought much in contact with them ; and for both I entertained not only deep respect, but that personal friendliness and kindly feeling which come to us almost always from dealings with a genuine man. They were, too, both men of mark, — for, since the death of Sidney Bartlett, now some seven years ago, who himself, in 1859, succeeded Rufus Choate, Mr. Russell has been the acknowledged head and leader of the Massachusetts bar ; while I think all here will agree with me when I say that at the time of his death Martin Brimmer was, and for years had been, — indeed,

ever since Mr. Winthrop's increasing age and infirmities withdrew him from the public eye and mind, — the first citizen of Boston.

Of Mr. Russell I shall ask our associate, Professor Goodwin, to speak presently; for next to being a lawyer, Mr. Russell was essentially and distinctively a Plymouth, an Old Colony man; and so words uttered in commemoration of him in this room should be uttered by one not less than he representative of Plymouth stock. One incident only will I mention, and it is in this Plymouth connection. In November now many years ago — more than twenty, probably — I one Thanksgiving-day went down to Plymouth in company with the late Monckton Milnes, then Lord Houghton. On the train we accidentally met Mr. Russell, going of course home to take part under the old roof-tree in the prescriptive family dinner. As ever he was courteous, and evidently took great pride as well as pleasure in guiding our party and its guest to all points of interest in the ancient town. He even went so far as to give proof of the warm memory Americans preserved of the friendly bearing and active aid Lord Houghton — quite exceptional in that respect among the British aristocracy — had ever, and especially in our times of trouble, evinced to this country, by bringing to him some broken bits of Plymouth rock itself. That day I experienced one of the benefits of being in good company, in that, like Lazarus, I fed on the crumbs that dropped from the rich man's table; for Mr. Russell, in requesting Lord Houghton's acceptance of a fragment of what to Americans is the nearest approach to the Crusader's True Cross, could not well help giving a bit of it to me. I accepted it gladly enough, and afterwards had it cut and worked into a seal which I have since carried and now carry on my watch-guard. Several years after I again one day met Mr. Russell on some railroad train, and, chatting with him, recalled Lord Houghton's Plymouth visit; then, unhooking my watch-guard, I showed him the seal, saying at the same time that I thought myself fairly entitled to it, for I, too, was of Plymouth stock, being through the Besses of Quincy one of the numerous progeny of that prolific couple John Alden and Priscilla Mullens. Mr. Russell was not to be outdone. He immediately produced from about his person a larger, more finished, and much finer spe-

cimen of the rock; and further informed me that John Alden and Priscilla Mullens were two among fifteen of those who came in the "Mayflower" from whom he traced descent. It is needless to add that on the occasion in question I made no further parade of either Old Colony genealogy or of Plymouth relics. There is proverbially small satisfaction to be derived from the carriage of coals to Newcastle even in shipments of most modest dimensions, and I infer that the same rule applies to their display in Newcastle.

Of Mr. Brimmer, no more than of Mr. Russell, is it my intention to speak in detail. For that I propose in a few moments to call on President Eliot, as he more than any one else here can speak feelingly as well as intelligently of one with whom he has sat for many years in close association among the Fellows of the University. Yet to me also Mr. Brimmer was an attractive as well as interesting personality. I suppose mine is no exceptional case among men of over fifty, but it seems to me sometimes as if the high and fine types of individuality were fast disappearing from earth. At our meeting corresponding to this exactly a year ago I paid my tribute here to Judge Hoar, and never since have I passed through the main street of Concord that a sense of something gone, not again to return, has not come over me; and now I do not like to think that never again as I sit at lunch at the club shall I see Mr. Brimmer slowly enter the room, and with a look of kindly recognition lighting up that refined, expressive face, marked with signs of pain uncomplainingly borne, quietly take the opposite chair at my table. Thus in all places and at all times there was something very noticeable in his bearing, his character, his attributes. He impressed you with a sense of fineness and culture as well as of character; in contact with him of the slightest social nature one instinctively felt that he was not only essentially that which the much abused word "gentleman" only expresses, but he was also a man of natural insight and no small degree of force, not the less there because in undemonstrative reserve. He gave one the idea of courage and endurance of a high order, because emanating from an innate, unconscious self-respect. Modest and unselfish, he was appreciative of others. One often gets one's best insights into men through some occasional anecdote, and I recall one of Martin Brimmer which made quite an impression on me at the

time, and I have often thought of it since in connection with him. It was a trifle, but it revealed the man. One evening I found myself at a dinner-table seated next to our former associate Augustus Thorndike Perkins. The talk turned that way, and Mr. Perkins described how he and Martin Brimmer — they were close contemporaries — once went deer-hunting among the lakes of Maine. The custom was to make a camp on the borders of some lake, upon which, while the guides beat the woods and rounded up the deer, the hunters lay in canoes, and, when the frightened animals took to the water, making for the opposite shore, they shot them as they swam. My table companion said that he and Mr. Brimmer were thus idly lying, he with the paddle and Mr. Brimmer with a rifle on his knees, when a fine antlered stag broke from the woods and took water just before them, making in his fright almost straight for the boat. "I," said Mr. Perkins, "paddled very gently and quietly along, so as to keep in line and give Martin a good shot. He sat there quietly watching the animal approach, his rifle resting on his knees. I said nothing, but the deer rapidly drew near the boat, the water curling up before him, his head and antlers only visible; when, at last, it was a dead shot, Martin, without lifting his rifle, turned his head towards me, and quietly said, 'Gus, have n't we got all the venison we need in camp?' I replied, 'Well, Martin, I rather think we have.'" Not a word more was said; but the rifle rested where it was, and the two sat there quietly watching, while the stag, swimming for his life, rapidly passed the canoe, gained the opposite shore of the lake, shook itself, and disappeared in the forest.

Perhaps some of those here may recall Browning's poem of "Donald," which turns upon an incident the exact counterpart of Mr. Perkins's story, and I apprehend that Martin Brimmer would hardly because of this performance be regarded as a conspicuous success among the disciples of Nimrod; but none the less, I fancy, Robert Browning, that "writer of plays," might have found in the little episode "a subject made to his hand," appealing to his sympathies as did the struggling stag to those of our friend. At any rate, it was characteristic of Martin Brimmer.

But Mr. Brimmer was a wise as well as a kind-hearted and useful man. He knew enough to cultivate outside interests,

and so saved his life from falling into that rut of jaded monotony which in this country is the bane of the idle rich. A friend of mine, a man of means and leisure and addicted to stock-raising, exclaimed to me one day as we were looking at his herd, "What a thing it is for men of our age to have a hobby! It does n't make much difference what it is, — cows, horses, farming, horticulture, — a man after his youth is gone is interested and happy all the same, if he only has his hobby to ride!" Our great cities to-day are full, and growing ever fuller, of men circumstanced as was Martin Brimmer. From the cradle they have wealth, education, leisure. With every opportunity for usefulness and consequent enjoyment, — with the world to choose from, — a more idle and unhappy class as a rule does not exist. They simply do not know enough to cultivate a hobby. To all such Mr. Brimmer was at once an object-lesson and a living reproof. Our civilization is full of opportunities, — artistic, educational, charitable. A man with eyes, if he has also means and leisure, has but to look about and select where he will make his monument, — into what he will build his life. There is an immense satisfaction to some, and there should be such a satisfaction to all, in being able to look at something, — a park, a library, a college building, a hospital, — and say this is mine, — that I did. It is Horace's *non omnis moriar*. Few in our community had better right to feel this satisfaction than Mr. Brimmer. He was the ideal of the useful private citizen, — the fruitful, unostentatious member of the community. Unfortunately for us, his interest and his efforts did not turn in this direction. He was a member of our Society, and occasionally took part in its meetings; but it was in no degree to him as were the University and the Art Museum. The last is indeed his monument. That he made; and I think, so far as Boston is concerned, it may truly be said of Martin Brimmer, that no man of the present generation, or of the last, has done more than he for his native city, or deserved better of it.

Mr. GEORGE S. MERRIAM, having been called on, said: —

Meeting Judge Shurtleff a few weeks ago in the court-room, which was the scene of his daily labors, I spoke of his membership in this Society. He said that his professional work

prevented his attendance at its meetings, but to hold a place in it was to him a matter of pleasure and pride. As he spoke, his fine and strongly marked features lighted up with the animation they were always quick and vivid to express. This trivial incident was a hint at the character of his life. By taste and feeling he was strongly drawn to the pursuit of letters, to fine culture, to the imaginative and ideal side of things. His actual occupation was in legal business, — absorbing most of his time, requiring concentrated attention, and often of a very prosaic nature. This difference in him between the ideal and the actual, instead of signifying a clash and contradiction, was the expression of a well-balanced harmonious nature. His ideal life, instead of breeding rebellion against the calls of this matter-of-fact world, inspired him to respond to those calls with loyal service and with a fine graciousness.

He was a man of warm affections, centred in his family ; with a circle of closely attached friends ; open-eyed and responsive to the good in every man he met ; uniting high breeding and fine manners with a most democratic sympathy, and a keen relish for human nature in its picturesqueness and humor as well as its graver traits. He loved nature as a familiar friend. He delighted in his fine library, and was active as a director of the Springfield Public Library, — as he was always prompt and efficient in whatever opportunity for public usefulness came to him. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted as a private, and rose rapidly to the colonelcy of the Forty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment, serving honorably for nine months. But the strength of his life was given to the profession of law. He did much work as a conveyancer, and was notably expert in searching titles and drawing deeds ; but his especial contribution was as Judge of Probate, an office he held for thirty-three years. His administration was marked by conscientious thoroughness, by learning and judgment so sound that only in one or two instances were his decisions overruled by the State Supreme Court, and by a courtesy and delicacy which gave to his court-room an atmosphere of friendliness. In the universal respect and goodwill with which the community regarded him, perhaps the central element was the appreciation of this rare quality of the judge, — scrupulous justice blent with gracious kindness.

Was he dealing, as often, with the ignorant, the weak, the slow, his patience and gentleness were tireless. Through him the law expressed itself in its finest aspect, — as the matured wisdom of the community, fitting itself to the rights and needs of the humblest, with a regard for their personal conditions and feelings which was indeed paternal.

Among his public services were the principal work in drafting a meritorious charter for the city of Springfield ; an active part in the Connecticut Valley Historical Society ; and labor for the preservation of places of historical interest and natural beauty, as Vice-President of the State Board of Public Reservations. He developed, somewhat late in life, a fine power of literary expression, both in prose and verse. Did the occasion serve, there might be quoted here passages of true poetic quality and of masculine eloquence. There is especial temptation to cite words spoken twenty years ago, at the dedication of a soldiers' monument, which nobly voice the sentiment of reunion and reconciliation. But this literary gift, greater than such as stimulates many a man to self-display and eager quest of fame, was with him only the incident and ornament of a life devoted to more solid ends than those of the versifier. The imagination and romance which were deep in him were put to service, — to the successful mastery of an impulsive nature, to the sweetening of social life, and to the benefit of the community. His imaginative insight gave him a lofty interpretation of his office. The judge of probate, — he touches men and women at a strange meeting-place of the deepest emotions and the most material interests. Death brings the survivors to the gate of eternity, — then with the opening of the will they come back often to a very earthly earth. The bread of the widow and orphan, the jealousy of rival claimants, the challenge of public bequest by natural heirs, difficult questions of equity and law, obscure questions of sanity and disease, — such aspects as these confront the probate judge, and call for his decision. To decide rightly and administer rightly makes surely as large a demand upon the intelligence, imagination, and sympathy, as the composition of an ode or a lyric. This man so discharged the duties of his office as to win not only the constant approval of the courts, but the uniform confidence and warm regard of the community. Viewing his professional service, together with the

affections and friendships, the attainments and enjoyments, the fidelities and heroisms, which marked his sixty-six years of life,— we may say of him, in words spoken of another, “This man was a true poet, but rather than sing his songs like a bird, he acted them like a man.”

In response to the call of the President, WILLIAM W. GOODWIN, D.C.L., spoke of Mr. Russell in his relations to Plymouth, his birthplace. He was always strongly attached to his native town, and deeply interested in her history and her local associations. He always made Plymouth his summer home, except on the few occasions when he went to Europe; and he lived in the house which once belonged to his father-in-law, the late Thomas Hedge. He was descended from a goodly number of the Pilgrims of the “Mayflower,” among whom were Priscilla Mullens and her two famous suitors, Myles Standish and John Alden. His great-great-grandmother was Lydia Standish, daughter of Alexander, eldest son of Myles Standish, and Sarah, daughter of John Alden and Priscilla. He spent much of his time in Plymouth in driving through the woods, visiting the beautiful ponds with which they abound, and in searching for rare wild-flowers in hidden nooks, which were known to few or none besides himself. He always prided himself on being the first in the season to find the mayflower, the sabbatia, and the cardinal flower; and he never confided to his rivals his favorite spots for finding the choicest of these. He was also devoted to fishing, especially in the waters off Manomet; and he might often be seen landing at one of the Plymouth wharfs with a fine lot of tautog which he had caught with his own hook. He was familiarly known to every boatman and every fisherman in the town, and he always knew how to make them tell their best stories.

Mr. Russell was fitted for Harvard College at the age of fourteen at the Plymouth High School, which at that time sent a constant succession of young men to college. Plymouth had the oldest graduate of Harvard twice in succession,— in William Thomas of the Class of 1807 and William Sever of the Class of 1811, who were cousins. It was a more remarkable distinction for the old Pilgrim town that, when Mr. Russell was made a Doctor of Laws by Harvard College in

1878, he and his cousin Sidney Bartlett, both Plymouth men, were the only persons who had ever received that honor solely for their distinction as lawyers, with no regard to any political or literary reputation or to the holding of any office.

CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D., was next called on, and said :

Martin Brimmer, the fourth and last of the name in this country, was born on the 9th of December, 1829. As a boy he was carefully educated by the best schools and tutors of the day; and, like his father and two uncles before him, he graduated at Harvard College. His health was somewhat delicate, and lameness cut him off from many of the active sports of boyhood and manhood. He never had a robust body; but it was serviceable for the main objects of living, and it must have had a certain toughness of fibre, for in middle life he recovered from two severe illnesses, and three years ago from a heavy fall which made him seriously ill for many weeks. In spite of this delicacy of body, no comrade of his youth and no witness of his maturer life ever accused Martin Brimmer of lack of courage, decision, or persistence. He was always gentle, but always firm.

His education was prolonged by foreign travel, which he greatly enjoyed and profited by throughout life. His reading was extensive, and the language he used, whether in conversation or in writing, was pure and accurate. He had a clear English style which gave effect to thoughts inspired by good sense and good feeling. He read aloud well; and this useful faculty gave weight to any opinions or proposals for which he desired to procure the consent of others.

His father died before he graduated at Harvard, and from each parent he inherited a considerable fortune. To the making of money he never had occasion to give any thought, and not much to the keeping of money. The pursuit of wealth had no attractions for him, and that winning of a livelihood which occupies almost exclusively the time and energy of most men did not enter at all into his experience. He was rich and "knew how to abound." His houses contained many precious things, — particularly the books and pictures he loved. He was an intelligent and discriminating patron of art, and therefore was surrounded at home by many

objects delightful to the eye; but in his personal habits he was always simple, refined, and manly. Enervating luxuries had no allurements for him. He was not tempted to accumulate money; on the contrary, he dispensed it with extraordinary generosity and judgment. His rich material surroundings were only an incidental environment of his pure, lofty, and self-forgetting life.

He was always ready to render any public service for which he considered himself fit. At thirty years of age he was a representative in the Massachusetts Legislature; at thirty-four he was first elected a Fellow of the Corporation of Harvard University, and at thirty-five he was a member of the State Senate. In 1878 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated at the election. Perfectly disinterested himself in all public functions, he was absolutely incapable of appealing to interested or corrupt motives in others.

Of the numerous public trusts with which he was connected the two principal were Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He was a Fellow of the University Corporation from 1864 to 1868, a member of the Board of Overseers from 1870 to 1877, and again a Fellow of the Corporation from 1877 to his death. He was President of the Museum of Fine Arts from the organization of the corporation in 1870 to his death. He was a director in numerous charitable organizations, and a member of innumerable committees organized for temporary public service; and in all such labors his singular fairness, good temper, and good judgment made him a leader among his associates. In contentious meetings his influence was invaluable. He soothed irritations, moderated fanaticisms, and made men and women of the most incompatible temperaments unite contentedly in good works.

Of all his public services, his labors on behalf of the Museum of Fine Arts were the most fortunate, congenial, and productive. Through much study and observation he had acquired a real knowledge of the Fine Arts, and an accurate and discriminating judgment in regard to pictures, statuary, and all other artistic objects. He believed ardently in the refining and uplifting power of the Fine Arts, and was as well prepared as he was eager to devote himself to the building up in Boston of a worthy Museum. For twenty-five years he inspired and directed the work of that institution, and to

him is chiefly due the large measure of success which the Museum of Fine Arts has already attained.

It is apparent from this brief outline of his labors that Martin Brimmer was generous indeed in giving his time to the public. He was one of the most industrious of men ; but his industry was manifested in the discharge of public and semi-public trusts. He did not work thus strenuously for himself,—it was always for others. Generous in giving his time to others, he was equally generous in giving his money. He never withheld his name from any Boston subscription-paper in a good cause. His gifts had the most varied character, and, like his sympathies, embraced all the agencies of education, religion, and charity within his knowledge. His benefactions were distributed all over our country. Under a calm manner, there burned steady enthusiasms which inspired many of his habitual or occasional activities. When the struggle to make Kansas a slave state was going on, Martin Brimmer contributed freely to the support of the men who were determined to make it a free state, by force if necessary ; but perceiving the gravity of the situation, he went to Kansas to satisfy himself on the spot of the real conditions of the struggle. In the efforts to aid and protect the Freedmen after the Civil War, he took a spontaneous and hearty interest.

He was warmly attached to the principles of religious toleration ; and in active defence of those principles he exerted himself repeatedly—Huguenot though he was by descent—to defeat fanatical attempts to exclude all Catholics from the Boston School Committee. He was a regular attendant at the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a generous contributor in every sense to its support, and interested in its legislation and its policy ; but in his noble nature there was nothing of the partisan or the fanatic, and in all public affairs, and in all the trusts with which he was connected, he was a consistent supporter of an undenominational policy. In the largest sense he was a man of liberal mind.

In spite of some grievous disappointments and bereavements, Mr. Brimmer had an unusually happy life. His contemporaries thought him quiet and serious in youth ; but as life advanced he grew gayer, until, in his later years, he visibly enjoyed all cheerful and improving human intercourse. His marriage was one of rare felicity ; the coming into his home

of four orphaned children of his wife's brother brought him somewhat late in life new domestic joys, if also new cares; and as he grew older, he could not but be sensible of the respect and confidence with which all classes of people regarded him.

With his death his family name becomes extinct. All the more it is the duty of the friends who survive him to tell and enforce the lesson of his life for the benefit of the rising generation. Here was a rich man who was neither indolent nor self-indulgent; a man who had the means of giving himself to the lower pleasures of life, and who sought only the higher; a man of leisure who was always laborious and serviceable; a man of delicate body who was as brave and resolute as he was gentle; a man who, living, illustrated all the virtues and graces of friend, husband, counsellor, citizen, and public servant, and, dying, left behind him no memory of look, thought, or deed that is not fragrant and blessed.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, was elected a Resident Member, and President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan, was elected a Corresponding Member.

The PRESIDENT said that, before calling for communications from the regular section of the day, he wanted to read a memorandum of a very amusing as well as characteristic anecdote of General Jackson, which had recently come into his hands from among the papers of the Rev. William Parsons Lunt. Dr. Lunt, as many of those present would remember, was formerly an active member of the Society. He was the pastor of the First Congregational Society of Quincy, and is one of the figures in the photograph now hanging at the entrance to the Dowse Library of a Committee of three appointed by this Society to attend the semi-centennial anniversary of the New York Historical Society, the other two members being Mr. Winthrop and Dr. Ellis. It was Dr. Lunt's habit frequently to call on ex-President John Quincy Adams, who was one of his parishioners; and after these calls he sometimes made memoranda of what Mr. Adams had said to him in the course of them. The present William P. Lunt had recently sent to him (the President) for his examination a number of these memoranda. Among them was one relating to a conversation with Mr. Adams on June 30, 1845, and evidently noted down immediately afterwards. This memorandum is as follows:—

"In a visit to Mr. A. just after the intelligence had been received of Gen. Jackson's death, I said to him, 'I see by the papers, Sir, that your successor has gone.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'at last. His life was a boisterous one. As he said to me. In the year 1822, on his birthday, he gave a dinner, to which he invited his friends, among whom I then was one. I sat next him at table, and in the course of the dinner said to him, "You must congratulate yourself that your life so far has been very successful." He turned and said, "My life, sir, has been a damned boisterous one."'"

The Third Section having been called on, Mr. CHARLES C. SMITH said:—

It may be remembered that at the last meeting of this Society our associate Mr. Henry Lee presented, in behalf of Mrs. Edward C. Cabot, an interesting collection of letters written by Jonathan Sewall, one of the most eminent of the American Loyalists. A considerable number of these letters will be printed in the Proceedings; and among them are two letters to Mrs. John Higginson, which will be read with much interest. In the Pickering Papers, belonging to the Society, are a number of letters from Mrs. Higginson to Colonel Pickering, as well as letters from him to her; and from them I have selected six letters written by her, which I desire now to communicate for publication in the Proceedings, as supplementary to the Sewall letters. It may be proper to add that Mrs. Higginson was about twenty years older than Colonel Pickering, and that they had little in common in their political opinions. When Mrs. Higginson opened her school in Salem, she was nearly sixty, and her daughter, Colonel Pickering's "pupil," was in her nineteenth year. Mrs. Higginson died in 1818, at the age of ninety-four, and her daughter in 1846, in her eighty-third year.¹

MARBLEHEAD, May 3d, 1775.

SIR, — This morning I received your truly friendly obliging letter, and my heart answers *Amen* to y^e proposal that our friendship be lasting as our lives; for years I regarded you with the affection of a parent, and now see the child matured into the friend. You perhaps have forgot, but I well remember, my proposal to you when you adopted Nauticus that our differing sentiments should have no effect on our mutual growing friendship. I have (human frailties excepted) religiously observed it, and shall continue to do it to my utmost, and only wish it

¹ See note, *ante*, p. 418.

in my power in any way to do you real service. I thank you for your wishes that I might not take y^e intended voyage, but I see no place of safety here, & hope if I can be of any service in the world I shall be returned to my much loved town and friends, but I say with Hagar, *Let me not see the death of the child*. My obligations to you are not lessened by our differing sentiments with respect to y^e place of safety. You will excuse me when I say, I think you would do more service to your country as a mediator than an officer, nor think I mean to depreciate your military abilities by saying it. Liberty is fled, but not so far as that it may not be regained by a prudent recall; may you be directed to the best measures for that purpose. I thank you for your fervent prayers for me and my dear charge. I hope to live to educate her so far as my capacity will permit in the ways of true virtue and piety. I request you to use your influence that our friends who have been y^e friends of government may be used with tenderness, and tho^t of with that candor they deserve. I would have taken another farewell of the place of my nativity could I have met with an opportunity this morning, but wherever I am, and in what circumstances soever I may be, you will always find me

Your sincere friend and hearty well wisher,

MEHETABEL HIGGINSON.

TO MR TIM^O PICKERING, JUN^R.

MARBLEHEAD, May 6th, 1775.

Friendship, the wine of life, but Friendship new

—— is neither strong nor pure.

— YOUNG, N. Tho^{ts}.

SIR,— Before this will reach you it's probable I shall have left all that is dear to me. Permit me again to beg your influence for my friends, and to reconsider your taking a military post. You may wonder at my anxiety, but you may in time be convinced that it may be best for you. We have so often and so warmly disputed on politics that 'tis to me a wonder that friendship has not been shipwreck'd (to use a new language). I bless Heaven this is not the case; and I can say with truth that in general what I have said on that topic has not been the effect of a desire to prate, but the ardent wish of seeing you an espouser of true Liberty. Don't be offended.

After my earnest prayers for the peace of our Jerusalem, your being happy with some worthy lady engages my attention, and here let the friend advise you not to be too hasty in making proposals, but get if possible an acquaintance with y^e temper and *foibles* (for such we all have) of the person to whom you expect to be linked for life, and pray remember what I have often said, that if you find one with a mind capable of improvement, this ought to content you. You know I wish you

happy, but our modern education has very little substance in it. Therefore be satisfied if you find a lady with a *mind*.

I wish not to make my friend uneasy, but this voyage at my time of life, and under these disagreeable circumstances, quite oversets me. Oh, for some favourable turn in our affairs that I may end my pilgrimage among my friends. *I can't stand it*. Well, I'll set the little reason I have to work, and call up what fortitude is left, and make the best use I can of the present affliction, for such this is to me in spite of myself.

Three to one is odds, but I shall not have it in my power to write you again till after my arrival. Accept my thanks for every instance of your friendship, and believe me to be

Your sincere and obliged friend,

MEHETABEL HIGGINSON.

P. S. A bad pen and a mind so torn as mine is must excuse me to my friend.

To MR TIMO PICKERING, JUNR.

HALIFAX, May 18th, 1775.

SIR,— After a passage of four days we arrived here all well, but weak as rats, for tho' we had a fair wind there was a rough sea, & Monday night a bad storm. The vessell was laid too from sunset till Tuesday morn^g. I expected to go to the bottom, and after proper examination of my motives for leaving New England I composed myself, and don't know I ever slept better in my own house then I did that night. Indeed, the God of Nature seems particularly in this to have made provision for the relief of his creatures, for sleep was our cheif support. I don't think our family consisting of eleven all together took one gallon of sustenance from Sabbath even^g till Thursday morn^g. I am much thinner, if you can conceive of it, then when I left you. I had, or rather we had, a friend in M^r White, who I shall ever esteem for his great kindness & humanity, as well as his care and skill as a seaman. We had a good master, a good mate, and a pilot from M. Head. Every thing was as good as one could wish, yet I never (fearful as I was) figured it half so bad as I found it. However, were I sure of peace, I should gladly embark to my native land. I please myself with the prospect of returning this fall, and hope to live to see my dear child landed safe in New England; for tho' neither of us are discontented this is no agreeable place to either of us. I never was fond of the established Church as my way of worship, nor do I chuse to educate my daughter that way. There is a dissenting house here, but no stated minister. There was an evening lecture the night after we came ashore, but that, you know, I much dislike; so had nothing to do with it.

I intended to have kept a journal from my leaving New England till

my return or death, but the fatigues of the voyage, the unsettled state we have been in ever since our arrival seem to have banished every idea but desire of return. That, I believe, will last while the least degree of reason remains.

I long to hear from my friends, and expect good news. *Hope springs eternal*. Nor do I check or controul y^e pleasing guest. I rather think it my duty to caress and cherish her. In some future letter I will endeavour to give you an account of this place, which at present seems much gone to ruin. Please to tender my best regards to all friends. Hitty joins me in best wishes for your health, safety, and prosperity. I am, Sir, Your sincere & obliged friend,

MEHETABEL HIGGINSON.

Mr Robie & spouse desire their regards to you.

To M^R TIM^O PICKERING, JUN^R.

HALIFAX, March 13th, 1781.

DEAR SIR, — I have your favour of the 5th of Dec^r, 1779,¹ which I rec^d the last summer, since when there has been no opportunity that was convenient for me to acknowledge the great satisfaction it gave me to find your friendship and kindness permanent as mine. When I left my native land it was with regret; but you'll remember it was with the advise of my friends, and if ever you received any of the many letters I wrote in the course of the first year, you could not fail to know I was not happy, to say the least. I could wish to be explicit, but prudence, not for myself but my connections, forbids me to risque it even to my friend. Shall I hope at my time of life to see you again, to weep, to laugh, to scold? Yes, I will; for my fate here allow of all three, — which in the greatest degree, you may then judge. It has been a miserable exile to me, tho' not without its alleviations. And you rightly judge that Major Handfield with his lady and family have made no small part of my happiness. Worn out, as I was, I have shuffled thro' almost six years, and I hope I shall not be called to encounter a seventh. But was every thing here advantageous as my most extensive wish, still should I pant after my native land and former friends; nor do I think it would be in the power of affluence to make me an equivalent. But for a time the reverse of affluence was my portion. I hope I never murmured. I believe I never did. Pride or some better motive put me on exerting myself to support *her* that was much dearer to me than life; to bring her up in idleness, meanness, and dependance my soul abhorred; nor was it the plan I had formed for her, as you well know. What our fate is to be in future I leave, as I

¹ Mrs. Higginson wrote "1780." The obvious error has been corrected in pencil by a later hand.

ought, with that All Gracious Being who has carried me thus far, and I trust will permit me to return to my native land.

I congratulate you on your nuptials, on the birth of your sons, and wish you every felicity the marriage state can afford. I wish for an acquaintance with M^{rs} Pickering, to whom please to tender my best regards, and kiss your little ones for me. I long to see you the *husband* and *father*. I should fancy myself grandmama.

And now my kind friend, shall I say I wish to return this summer, and that you were in the Massachusetts to advise and assist me? Should I be obliged to tarry here much longer, I shall not be worth the transportation. Six years is a long time after one is turned of fifty. I have had many friends who have been extremely kind and attentive to me. Doct^r Prince and Major Handfield have been father and brother to me and my child, and whenever I part with them and their families it will be with great regret. Captⁿ Woodbury no doubt informed you how I was supported. A school and plain work have kept me from being burthensome to my friends for about four of the six years. Believe me when I say I have done my best. It is and has been a great satisfaction that I have done so well. The bread earned by honest industry is sweet. Hitty is now grown up, a tolerably good girl for these degenerate days; and now let me thank you for your attention to her education and the care you took to form her mind. I hope she does credit to all her tutors. Accept my thanks for your letter and the tender and affectionate regard you shew for me and *mine*. I hope to see her safe in her own house, *Hitty Higginson*, as ardently as I wish to return. All our friends here are well. I have not been at M^r Robie's since Oct., 1777; when we meet we are pleasant with each other. This is very *comfortable*, you'll say. Hitty joins me in sincere and best regards to you, and warmest wishes for your health and prosperity. I am, dear Sir,

Your unalterable friend,

MEHETABLE HIGGINSON.¹

I write in haste, and your candour will excuse any thing that is amiss.

M^R TIM^O PICKERING.

BEVERLY, May 28th, 1782²

SIR,—I rec^d your favour by Captⁿ Woodberry about eighteen months since, and wrote you acknowledging y^e receipt of it y^e first

¹ This is the only instance in the letters in the Pickering Papers in which Mrs. Higginson signed her name "Mehetabel," but the signature is unmistakable.

² Nearly the whole of this letter is printed in "The Life of Timothy Pickering," vol. i. pp. 362, 363. But it seemed desirable to reprint it here in connection with the other letters, as it gives such a graphic description of Mrs. Higginson's feelings in returning to her native land, after a wearisome exile.

opportunity, inclosed to your brother Williams, which I hope you received. Since this I have not heard from you, save that Captⁿ Marston saw you, who told me you intended to write me by him, but that you were called from home on publick business, and he came away in your absence. My desire to return to my native land has been uniform, and as I advanced in life I have tho^t it every year more necessary, as I could not think of leaving one that I ought to provide for destitute, dependant, and absent from her connections, in case I should be taken away. This joined with your desire and y^e repeated desire of many of my friends here, and the ardent inclination Hitty had to revisit and fix here, brought me last fall to a determination to take y^e first opportunity to return, which I should have done then, but the only cartel after that was so crow[d]ed that I could not effect my purpose. My friend and father D^r Prince this spring got permission from S^r Andrew Snape Hamond for the schooner Patty to become a cartel, and after every legal step was properly attended too and the strictest attention paid that nothing that could possibly give offence should happen I embarked, and after a passage of four days arrived in Salem harbor, where I desired the captⁿ to hail a boat, and sent on shore for leave from the selectmen to land with my daughter, which was immediately granted, and I was met on y^e wharf by numbers who gave me a hearty welcome, and the next day I had leave to land my baggage, which, except my bed, was principally our wearing apparel and my house linnen, as I have lived on so small a scale that I brought nothing of furniture of any consequence and not a thread for any friend, nor have I any reason to think there was the least trifle on board but the cloathing of those that came in the schooner. Thus far I was happy; but the next day one or two, for there were no more, made it their business to stir up some, and a certain D^r of Divinity was doing all in his power that I might be sent back. My friends tho^t it best I should go to Boston, and be in the way in case I should be called on by authority. There also I had friends, and waited from Wednesday to Saturday without being notified to appear. On my return to Salem I found that my being there was disagreeable, and my friends and relations in Beverly had been to see me while I was at Boston, and invited me to see them. On Sunday morn^g I went there. When I left Halifax it was judged we were on the eve of a peace, and I knew not of a law that would opperate against me, but hoped to find you & M^r Lowell in the Mass^a, whose friendship I depended on, and whose advice and assistance would have been a support and comfort to me. I came to stay, and am too far advanced in life to take an unnecessary voyage if I can avoid it, without creating a disturbance in the State; for should I be obliged to return to Halifax, if I live I shall use all lawful means to return to Salem so soon as matters are settled; and as

I am sick and very unhappy at sea I cannot bear to think of a voyage, if I may by the interposition of my friends be able to live in peace. I would write Mr Lowell, but it will be only copying this, for I have endeavoured to state my case as exactly as my fatigued situation will permit me, and hope my townsmen will not hurry me to depart out of this State till I can hear from you, which I hope will be by the return of the post. Present mine and my daughter's best regards to your lady, and kiss your fine children for me. Accept our thanks for the friendship you profess in y^e letter [*torn*] too, and believe me to be with great esteem

Your friend.

MEHETABEL HIGGINSON.

P.S. I ought to have told you that I was supercargo, and that there was nothing taken for the trip, not even for y^e necessary papers. The kindness and politeness demand my warmest gratitude.

SALEM, May 19th, 1783.

SIR,— Last evening being in company with your brother, and enquiring after you and your family's health, he told me you had asked in one of your letters what was become of me. I doubt not you expected to hear again from me, and I as much intended to answer your favour of the 19th of June, 1782, as to write the one that occasioned that, but at that time every mail almost was taken, and the hopes of peace, and in consequence of it seing you here and having so much to say that it was almost impossible to put it on paper, I neglected to do it; and now having confessed my fault hope your forgiveness, and proceed to give you some account of myself. In the first place I followed exactly your advice, which was also the opinion of my friends here. I spent my time chiefly at Beverly with my relations, who laid themselves out to make it agreeable to me. My tenant could not, would not, go out of my house till the last of Nov^r, and on the 10th of Dec^r I got into it, where owing to your great care and friendship I have lived very comfortably the past winter. My goods which were at Captⁿ Fuller's came home much better than you could have imagined after seven years and half being in the country. When I unpacked them and settled with our good friend the Doct^r I was amazed that you could possibly find time for such exactness. To say I thank you for so much care, kindness and attention seems flat and little for such friendship, but you must accept my thanks as I have nothing better to offer. As you are still my friend, I think you wish to know how I carry on. As it was long before I could make my appearance in the *world*, it was judged best that no demand should be made of any thing due to me. Accordingly I have never received a farthing intrest or principal since I saw you, save that Captⁿ Bretton wished to take up his note,

and that I paid the chief of [it?] on the bond to Sister Cabot. As I am truly of an *independant* spirit, and would rather wish to do some good (if I could) in the world than to be a burthen (or think myself to be so) to my friends, I purposed keeping a boarding school for young Miss's. It was much approved of, and the 6th of Jan^y I opened a school for reading, writing, and useful needlework. Your pupil writes so good a hand, and makes so good *pens*, that she conducts that part of the business wholly. We live very comfortably and happily. Be it pride or what it will, I have more pleasure in supporting myself and *appearing* a useful member of the community to which I belong than I should in living on the labours of others in all the luxury of wealth. I much wish to have it consistent with your intrest to return to Salem and settle in this. I suppose I am selfish, but I readily forgive myself, as I think this spot where all your connections and former friends are must be more agreeable to you when you return to private life. As an inducement, we have one of the best of men settled in our parish. You may form some idea of him when I say his manners are sweet and his disposition delicately benevolent. I wish very much for an acquaintance with M^{rs} Pickering, from her general character, and because she is your choice. Pray her to take the best care of her health, that if I should live I may have the pleasure of seeing her, and kiss your three fine boys for me. We want you here to stem the torrent of curses that are vended on Sunday evenings by the Rev^d Doct^r. If you recollect Ernelphus's curses in Tristram Shandy, they are weak, insignificant, childish things compared with that patriotic divine's against the poor refugees. Our Saviour says, Bless your enemies; the Doct^r bids all his hearers curse them, and says they'll be cursed if they don't. This was an appendix to the sermon — Curse Meroz — 'tis said; for you know I never hear him. We have nothing new here worth your attention. Hitty joins me in compliments to M^{rs} Pickering, and in best wishes for your health and happiness. That we may meet again is the ardent wish of

Your obliged and affectionate friend.

MEHETABEL HIGGINSON.

To TIM^o PICKERING, Esq^r.

Dr. EDWARD CHANNING then offered some extended remarks on the Causes of the American Revolution, which he thought had been inadequately treated by historians, both in England and America. His remarks led to an animated discussion, in which the Hon. MELLE CHAMBERLAIN, the Hon. WILLIAM EVERETT, the Hon. EDWARD L. PIERCE, and Mr. A. C. GOODELL, JR., took part.

The Hon. MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN said that some time between 1842 and 1844, while a teacher at Danvers, he was permitted to make some extracts from a brief diary of Samuel Holten, a member of the Continental Congress from Massachusetts, 1778-1783, but not to retain the original, which passed into the possession of Rev. Israel W. Putnam, D.D., who was in some way connected with Mr. Holten's family, and had his papers which, after Dr. Putnam's death, were dispersed by a Boston dealer. Judge Chamberlain said that he had lost trace of the original diary, but he believed that the extracts which he had made were conformable to the original with the non-sequence of dates, and, though not of great importance, were worth being printed, as they gave two or three facts which he had not noticed in print.

1778. I am desired to attend the Loan Office there being no allowance made to the person that attends sd. office, for paying the Int. annually, & the commissions are said to be small.

N. B. Attended to them.

1778, July 14. I let the Hon. Samuel Adams Esqr. have L. 4. 00. 00., of which he is to pay to James Otis (a minor) being my part of what the delegates of our state have agreed to advance to sd. minr. & Mr. Adams is to write to his friends & procure the money, & account with me for the same. N. B. The above in Mass. Cur.¹

1778, June 23. Attended in Congress, and the chief of the day was taken up in disputes on the articles of confederation.

1778, July 11. This day was the first time that I took any part in the debates in Congress. We have accounts of the arrival of a French Fleet in the Delaware. 12 Ships of the line & 4 Frigates.

1778, Oct. 15. A manifesto or Proclamation from Commr. of the British king appeared in the papers of the day, offering a Gen. Pardon, but I believe there is but few people here want their pardon.

1778, Dec. 14. Monday. There was a grand ball at the City Tavern this evening, given by a number of French gentlemen of distinction. I had a card sent me, but declined attending. I think it is not a proper time to attend balls when the country is in such great distress.

1778, Oct. 7. Met a committee on this evening on General Arnold's accounts.

¹ James Otis "had three children, one son and two daughters. The son was named James, after his father; he was a boy of very bright parts and some eccentricity, but his career was terminated before a just estimate could be made of his character. He entered, at the beginning of the war, as a volunteer midshipman, and died after being a short time in the service, before he was eighteen." — *TUDOR'S Life of Otis*, p. 19.

The great distress of the country, alluded to by Dr. Holten, December 14, 1778, is impressively illustrated by the following document without date, but, as I believe, in the hand of William Paca, signer of the Declaration, from Maryland. It is signed by J. Nicholson, Jr., and endorsed "Joseph Nicholson, Esqr. Relation of the Conversation at Kent Island, March, 1778."

The "Mr. Wilson" mentioned in the paper was evidently of sufficient consequence to make his views of public affairs of some importance; and though I cannot speak with absolute certainty, I have little doubt that he was James Wilson, signer of the Declaration of Independence, afterwards member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Though chiefly resident of Pennsylvania, in 1778 he practised law in Annapolis, but in that year returned to Philadelphia.

I can give no pedigree of the paper, save that it has long been in a large mass of papers in my possession, regarded of no special value from lack of bearing distinguished names; nor have I any knowledge of the circumstances which led to the record of the conversation in which Mr. Wilson expressed his views in respect to the American cause in March, 1778. The motive does not appear to have been hostile to Mr. Wilson, for his patriotism is recognized; nor is there any doubt that he truly expressed the desperate condition of our affairs in March, 1778, only relieved by the arrival of the French fleet July 11th, as recorded by Dr. Holten. The paper reads as follows:—

"On my way to the General Assembly in March 1778 at Kent Island I met there with Mr. Paca, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wright & Mr. Thomas. Soon after I seated myself Mr. Wilson asked me what I thought of our public Affairs. I can't recollect what reply I made but it led to a conversation upon that Subject from which I discovered Mr. Wilson thought them in a bad way. Soon afterwards Mr. Wilson was engaged with other Company and the Conversation ended.

"As the Assembly were called to fill up our Quota of Troops we had repeatedly conversation on that Subject the Gentlemen were for a draft. Mr. Wilson was against it and said he thought it would not answer.

"On the subsequent morning Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wright and myself happened to be first up and being seated by the fire side the Conversation turned upon the mode of filling up our Quota and I think Mr.

Wilson and myself differed about the mode. Mr. Wright and myself urged the necessity of a draft and Mr. Wilson said he was of opinion that mode would not be submitted to by the People and said it would be more eligible for the men of Fortune to part freely with their property to raise the men than to make the Experiment by draft and said he would most cheerfully part with his for that Purpose.

“The Conversation continued sometime between Mr. Wright and Mr. Wilson & I heard Mr. Wilson say that he thought we had better make Peace with Britain and obtain the best terms in our Power. I think Mr. Wright asked him if he was for giving up Independence and he replied that he was if thereby he could obtain good terms. This brought Mr. Paca in great haste from his bed which stood very near to us in the next room—he censured Mr. Wilson for that expression and some heat & warm expressions took place between him and Mr. Wilson but it soon ended.

“For the whole of the Conversation that passed I never supposed that Mr. Wilson wanted attachment to the Cause or that his conduct and expressions proceeded from an aversion to Independence but did apprehend that he was much alarmed at the Situation of our Affairs and the Prospect of a draft being made—I have thought that Mr. Wilson has not appeared of late so zealous in our Cause as he did when he came into the Council of Safety.

“J. NICHOLSON, JR.”

Dr. SAMUEL A. GREEN communicated some observations on the names of certain villages in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, as follows:—

Near the beginning of the present century there was a group of three villages, far from the sea-coast, lying in the same general neighborhood, on the northerly side of Groton, of which each bore in part the name of Harbor. They comprised the villages of Townsend Harbor, Mason Harbor, and Dunstable Harbor, situated respectively in the towns of Townsend, Massachusetts, and of Mason and Dunstable, New Hampshire. Two of these towns are adjacent to each other; and Dunstable, the third town, now known as Nashua, is but a short distance away. Of these several villages, Townsend Harbor is the only one which continues to bear the name.

So far as my knowledge goes, these are the sole instances in New England where the word “Harbor” is connected with the name of a settlement away from the coast-line, or from a

large body of water, like the village of Centre Harbor on Lake Winnepesaukee.

Names of places all have a history of their own, connected in some way with the neighborhood, though often the origin of the name is wrapped in obscurity. It is never beneath the dignity of an historical writer to throw light on disputed subjects and to clear up doubtful points even in trivial matters.

The question naturally arises, Why were these three villages called "Harbors"? As the local antiquaries do not agree in their answer, I purpose to let them speak for themselves.

Mr. Ithamar B. Sawtelle, in his *History of Townsend*, gives some facts concerning a pioneer of that town, and then goes on to say: —

Nothing further is known of him except that he was in charge of a log-house made in a defensible manner against losses by the incursions of the Indians. One of these castles was located north of the Harbor and overlooking the same, and another near the meeting-house on the hill, and the same tradition further saith that the log-houses and mill, where the Harbor now stands, and the direct surroundings were called "*the Harbor*," because by signals from these three points, in case of the appearance of any "red skins," the settlers could soon reach these places of safety (pages 61, 62).

Mr. John B. Hill, in his Centennial Address at Mason, alluding to Mason Village, says in a note: —

Then called the Harbor. A word of explanation of this term may not be deemed out of place. In the early settlement of the country, towns were laid out upon the sea-coast, on which in many of them there was a bay, cove, or mouth of a river, used as a harbor for vessels. The meeting-house, where town meetings were held and public business transacted, was at the centre of the town, but it often happened that the "Harbor" was the principal if not the only mart of trade in the place. And when, in an inland town, a locality on its border became the principal mart of trade, it was known by the same name of Harbor, as Mason Harbor, Townsend Harbor, Dunstable Harbor. (Proceedings of the Centennial Celebration at Mason, August 26, 1868, page 42.)

On June 28, 1872, Mason Village was incorporated as a separate town under the name of Greenville.

Dunstable Harbor was a small settlement on the south side of Salmon Brook, near its confluence with the Merrimack

River. At one time in the early part of the century the local Post-office was established there. Allusions to the place are found in Charles J. Fox's "History of the Old Township of Dunstable" (pages 193, 195, and 270).

On January 1, 1837, the name of the town of Dunstable, New Hampshire, was changed by legislative enactment to Nashua, now the second largest city in that State.

It will be noticed that Mr. Sawtelle and Mr. Hill do not agree in their theories as to the origin of the name; and I shall not attempt to decide between them. There is no account on record that Townsend was ever seriously threatened by the Indians, — with possible exceptions during the years 1747 and 1748, — though the inhabitants of the town in early times may have taken precautionary measures to ward off the attacks of the enemy. Within a short time Mr. Sawtelle has written me that formerly there was a tradition that the village was first called "Tory Harbor," on account of the number of tories living there during the Revolution; but he is inclined to doubt it, as there were so few of that class in the immediate neighborhood. Perhaps the present designation is a survival of part of this name. In the town of Claremont, New Hampshire, there is a locality known to-day as "Tory Hole," from the fact that it was a place of favorite resort for tories in Revolutionary times.

All these so-called Harbor villages are situated on small streams: Townsend on the Squannacook River, where there is a mill-pond; Mason on the Souhegan River, where also there is a mill-pond; and Dunstable on Salmon Brook, near the Merrimack River. Townsend Harbor is the oldest of the three settlements; and the name may have been carried, by example or through imitation, thence to Mason, which is only a few miles distant. I am inclined to think, however, that its origin was due to a popular fancy then existing in the neighborhood of giving the additional name of "Harbor" to villages of ambitious hopes.